OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 18. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, February 6, 1913. Number 45.

WINNING BACK THE BIRDS.

We used to believe that birds were harmful to growing crops, and so we set up scarecrows to drive them away. In fact, they were harmful. We did not know then, however, that they also ate noxious insects far more harmful to the crops than the birds could possibly be.

We have learned that now by sad experience. says Winthrop Packard in The Boston Transcript, and we are sorry for the things we did to drive them away. People have come to understand that the birds must be saved. And to save them the region must be right for them or they will pass by it and go on to some that better supplies their needs.

It is agreed by all authorities that the most important step for the protection of birds consists in bringing about suitable conditions of life, espccially opportunities for building nests, and in the preservation of the right kind of thicket protection is the first step. Birds will not breed if they do not find suitable places for nests, or will fail to rear their young under makeshift conditions. But many of our most useful small birds build in holes in trees, and an important experimental work has consisted in providing ready-made woodpecker's holes for such birds. No ordinary hole in wood will supply the place of those which the woodpeckers construct. The woodpecker slants his entrance upward a little, perhaps to discourage the rain from entering. Then as he goes down he enlarges and makes a pouch-shaped hole of certain dimensions with a little collection of homemade sawdust at the bottom.

Baron Berlepsch of Germany studied real nests, made an exact copy of them and set the copies up in his woods by the thousands. The artificial nests were immediately inhabited, while those made on other lines were, and always had been, neglected by the birds. The Berlepsch nesting boxes are now known the world over, and his idea has been copied by many makers. Bird boxes made after this pattern may be bought of dealers here. It is a waste of time to put up any other kind for such birds as build in holes. But it is a mistake to wait until spring before putting up the bird boxes. Many of the hole-nesting birds winter with us and use the holes for shelter at night. Thus tney become accustomed to them and are far more apt to select them for breeding places in the spring. If put up even now the migrants get a last look at them before they leave and are apt to come back to them in the spring.

Here, then, are two great means for attracting the wild birds—the planting and pruning of shrubbery to suit their needs and the providing of suitable boxes for the hole-nesting species. Both the shrubbery and the boxes serve excellently well for shelter in winter. as well as for nesting in summer and the shrubbery if of the right kind provides a great deal of winter food. Beginning with September and on, feeding, done under the right conditions will do more than anythinge lse to attract the birds to ones grounds and to keep them there to nest in the following spring Mountain ash berries and other small fruit that hang on well may be collected and doled out later. For the seed-eating birds those seed which contain much oil are especially palatable. Sunflower seeds are good but hemp seed seems tc be the best food for attracting them.

The birds may be easily tolled to the house and grounds, provide a little personal care is taken. Meat and suet, tied to trees in radiating lines which like the spokes of a wheel all converge on one's garden, will before winter is very old bring the birds to the hub, and once they have found the spot the outer lines may be withdrawn. Hemp seed, sunflower seed, mountain ashe and other berries may be scattered on the ground,

Continued on page four.

"IT WAS WRITTEN."

By David Lyall.

Bentham stood in the middle of the room, looking at the telegram with somewhat stormy eyes. It was brief enough, but left him in no doubt as to its meaning.

"Very sorry can't put you up for Christmas. Writing to explain.—Bagot."

Now this was the evening of the twenty-third, and he was going down into Somerset by next morning's train. He was even then among the disaray of his packing, calculating that he would want a good many things at the Bagots' place, theirs being a large house, which he had expected to find full for Christmas. It was a happening calculated to upset even the most even-tempered and reasonable of men, for, unless one has a large number of relatives and intimate friends, it is noteasy to find a niche at Christmas at the last moment.

Bentham was a bachelor, and rather a shy man. He had not at the begining been particularly keen on spending Christmas at the Bagots, but had been asked a good many weeks back, when he had no valid reason for refusing. He had seen Bagot that very day, and had merely said "Au revoir," as they expected to meet the next day. The message came from Somerset, so he supposed Bagot had found something wrong or difficult at home, sufficent to break up the party. The caute, at the moment, did not much concern him. What was of importance was the fact that he had nowhere to go for Christmas. He flopped down in the armchair by the fire (he had had a fire put in his bedroom, as he was putting his wardrobe and his drawers straight, and burning a few papers that he need not carry forward into the New Year), so the place was very untidy, and Bentham, in his shirt-sleeves, with ruffled hair and a gloomy face, had little of the Christmas air about him.

"Now what am I to do? I'll have to get out somewhere, as Mrs. Appleton has asked for the use of my room."

He lit a cigarette, and passed in mental array all the dreary alternatives to a perfectly solitary Christmas in London—Brighton, Bournemouth. Hastings, Paris, hotels and hydros: he barred them all! Well enough for a merry party, sufficient to themselves and one another, they were inadmissible for him. Finally he reached for the AB C time-table, in which he had already hunted up his train, and begun to turn the leaves idly. Then he had a happy thought. Why not go back to the place where he was born, and where his name might be supposed to linger even yet? His father had been rector of Thoreham, in Sussex, and, through he had not been there since he was a boy, the name allured him. For he had been a very happy boy there, and at Christmas-time a man's thoughts go back naturally, especially if he is solitary, to the place where he was among those set together in families. He found the Thoreham trains without difficulty, on the London and Brighton line, with change at Lewe-Junction. He remembered the trundling old omnibus that climbs ed over the downs to Thoreham village, a travelling experience which kept it remote and unchanged in the midst of perpetual movement and unrest.

Having decided, he proceeded in leisurely fashion with his packing, putting certain articles back in his drawers—his shooting garments, for instance, and other changes of raiment the well-dressed bachelor deems necessary to a proper appearance at a house-party. He regarded for a few moments his dress clothes, which a solitary traveller at a village inn would be unlikely to need. But, remembering that the travelling Englishman prepa-es himself for everything, he stowed them in his suit-case, and found, to his delight, that the change in his plan wou'd make it possible for him to travel with one bag, which he could carry in his hand. And that is the practical Englishman's ideal travelling state. He began to like the idea, even to feel immensely relieved that next day a big house-party would not swallow him. Bagot had told him facetiously that Emmy, his wife, had something up her sleeve for him, which he took to mean a suitable partner in life.

But Bentham had long since decided that he was not a marrying man. He was now thirty-six, very well off, having an excellent position in the City, and, on the whole, perfectly satisfiy with his existence. He decided that he would simply stop the week-end at the Crown and Mace. (Why Crown and Mace nobody knew, since there were no municiple functions of any kind about Thoreham.) He would attend the old church on Christmas Day and Sunday morning, tramp over the downs, have a real rest, and get back fresh to business for Tuesday morning. All of which he put into execution, only with a difference.

He arrived at Lewes about three o'clock in the afternoon, and, while he waited for his train, experienced the most bitter nor'-easter it had been his lot to meet for a long while. It simply tore about the draughty platforms, stung his ears with something soft and white that was certainly snow, and the leaden sky assured him it was coming. He began to wonder whether he would get any comfort at the Crown and Mace; somehow he doubted it. He was cold indeed by the time he alighted from the box-seat of the crowded omibus, which took a good hour to climb the downs and then crawl down into the hollow, where the grey Norman tower of Thoreham Church indicated the village. It was then quite dark, but a cheerful gleam came out from the door of the inn when the omnibus trundled into the courtyard, quite in the good old style. From the driver he had already learned that things were not going very well at the Crown and Mace, that there was no proper mistress, and that it was extremely doubtful whether "any gemman," as he expressed it, would be made comfortable over Christmas.

When Benthan alighted and proceeded to interview the shockheaded landlord he seemed doubtful-

"A room? Oh, yes, sir; plenty ov'em, if so be as you can take pot luck. We don't lay ourselves out for London toffs."

"I don't want much: only a clean. quiet room, a good bed and a good fire. with plain meals decently served," said Bentham quickly.

The landlord said he would do his best; but Benthan's spirits did not rise as he entered the place, which was far removed from the ideal of the Christmas inn one reads about in books, with blazing fires everywhere, smiling welcomes, and more than the hint of good cheer. It was sordid, uncared-for, evil-smelling. But there was no help for it; he would have to stop at least one night there. To-morrow, if he found it impossible, it was open to him to go on to Brighton and join the crowd at one of the big hotels. But that, he fervently assured himself, would be his last resourse.

The omnibus, having deposited the main body of its passengers, proceeded down a winding lane to deposit the mother of one of the Rectory servants, who had come to spend Christmas with her daughter, and at the kitchen door Reeves, the driver, unburdened himself of what he knew concerning the man who had sat with him on the box-seat. He had even learned his name, which he remembered, for a sweet savour clung to it still in the place where his father had laboured and loved for over thirty years. So what came about was capable of the simplest explanation, though to Bentham it seemed nothing short of a miracle. He was struggling with a badly smoking fire in what was called the private sitting-room, a place smellin evilly of beer and stale tobacco, and dirty in the extreme, when a slatternly maid servant showed somebody in upon him without apology or explanation. He turned round with an exclamation to behold a tall, spare clergyman, with a smiling, eager face and outstretched hands.

"Mr. Bentham, I have just learned from Reeves of your arrival, and I came at once. Of course it isn't possible you can stop here."

His hand was clasped so kindly and the refined voice was so warm with welcome; that Bentham involuntarily smiled.

"It's a bit steep, I admit and takes the gilt of the gingerbread, sir. The place seems to have gone off unaccountably. I remember a in my fathers time as quite it decent place."

"Ah, yes. We are most unfortunate, but hope things are going to be better. It is changing hands early in the year. Get your things together, Mr. Bentham, and come right down to the Rectory. We are a full house, but we can manage. My daughter, Cicely, who looks after us all, sends you a message that the more, the merrier. We shall sit down ten to dinner to-night; you will just make the even number. So come along."

"But, sir——"

"My name is Croft, No buts: come along."

"You know nothing about me, Mr. Croft. Your kindness is amazing——"

"The name is sufficient, Mr Bentham, and, as it happens, I do know samething about some of your acts of kindness to the poor. Good news as well as bad travels fast. But come along. It is half-past six now, and we dine at seven, as all the boys have had cnnsiderable journeys. Two of them came from Oxford only to-day, and they have each a friend with them."

Bentham had no choice, and he did not know that he wanted any. A delightful feeling anticipation came over him. He felt as if suddenly, drifting on a cold and inhospitable sea, he had come into port. He had that assurance more driven home when he saw Cicely Croft standing in a low doorway of the old Rectory, a beautiful vision, in a simple gown of warm, red colour, which suited her to perfection. She was not quite young; she might even be thirty. But her heart was young enough, and her smile the sweetest thing that Bentham had ever seen as she bade him welcome.

"Don't say a word. We could not have slept to-night thinking of a harmless fellow-creature at the Crown and Mace. Come right in. I'm afraid you'll have to dress before you see all the children, as you have positively only fifteen minutes."

It sufficed. When Bentham was shown into the low, old-fashioned room where he had been born—a little arrangement Cicely Croft had made possible by simply turning out herself—and saw the bright fire gleaming on the old four-poster bed and on the silver on the dressing-table, he felt verp much like a small boy taking part in a fairy-tale.

Of course, that is the right spirit for Christmas, and it was the spirit pervading the whole house. Besides Cicely, there were two younger daughters, one a merry flapper, in a white frock, and a long pigtail tied with the largest bow Bentham had ever seen. She took possession of him at once, and kept fully amused through the dinner-which was just a happy family occasion, such as took place in Thoreham Rectory every holiday.time. Cicely had done her best to fill a beloved mother's place, had kept the atmosphere of home and all its loving activities going, so that the boys knew they could bring home a chum without warning or notice, sure of a welcome Her reward had been that very day, when Hubert, as he kissed her, had whispered, with a more like the mater every day, old girl. Well'

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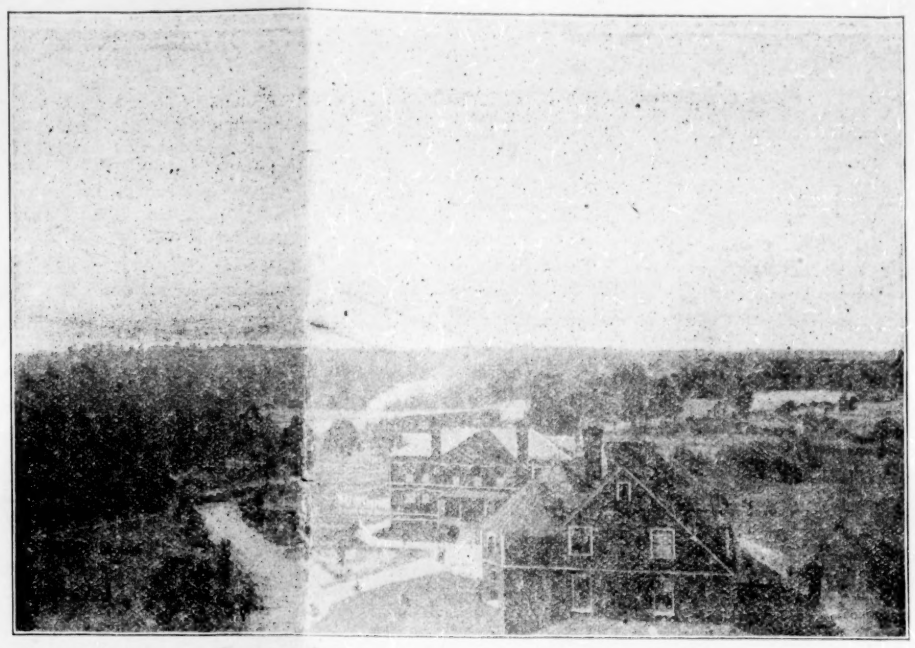
LEES COTTAGE



We have no separate view of Lees Cottage but give a view of it as seen from Rumple Hall Tower. This cottage is the home of the larger boys at Barium, and was the most generous gift of Mrs. S. P. Lees of New York City, who, being a southern born woman, a native of Kentucky; had a very warm spot in her heart for Our Fatherless Ones, and being blessed of Our Heavenly Father with abundant means: and coming in touch with Rev. Dr. Jethro Rumple at that time the president of our Board of Regent; offered to build this cottage to shelter some of our needy boys.

Here it stands to-day at the Southern end of our campus, a beautiful memorial to the character and generous love, of a very Godly woman.

GETTING A JOB.

Most boys expect to work some time. For the fortune few, there are college a diploma, a profession undoubtedly with a struggle ahead, but always with success within sight for those who have pluck and education and a known field of endeavor. For many there is the "job"—any kind of honest work which will train the unskilled fingers or mind and lead to something better.

In many places there are ten boys for every job. Something else besides chance governs the selection of the tenth boy. What that something else is differs with every man who has the job to bestow, but there are certain fundamental tests which he nearly always applies.

For instance, the manager o a house selling bicycles and automobiles wanted a boy to learn the business and "go on the floor' and sell cars and wheels. He advertised, putting a fictitious address to mislead personal inquirers. Of fifty-three letters, ten were selected as being "likely," and these applicants asked to call. Of the ten who were asked to call. one was chosen.

The ten letters which passed the initial inspection were neat, short, to the point. All gave the required references, the age and experience of the applicant. Those letters which remained unanswered were rejected from various causes. Some were too long others illy written, others badly expressed. One letter was right, save that the stamp was a one-cent one—the advertiser had to pay the other cent to get the letter.

One of the ten lads who came was younger than the mauager wanted as he realized when he saw him. He like the others, was questioned and told he would be notified. But he passed a better examination then the other nine; only his youth and size were against him. When he left the store he wanted badly to stop and look at all the things in the window,

"But if I do," he thought, "They'll think I haven't anything else to do."

So he walked away briskly, head up, eyes to the front.

"Send for that boy to come back tomorrow," said the manager. "I want to see if he is really as busy a person as he looks!"

This is a true storey. The boy knew that appearences count, and made his appearance as good as he could. The elementary principles of appearence are too well known to need comment—clean clothes clean linen, clean person well blacked shoes etc. But most men who hire others look deeper, They want to see an applicant look them in the eye. They hate to see a boy embarrassed when there is nothing to be embrarassed about. All men hate servility—there is a way of saying, "Yes, sir," which is simply respectful and a way of saying it which is distinctly servile and the latter way never gets a job with a man worth working under.

Another man examining applicants had an amusing test. He always took the boys asking for the job—which was in a machine shop—into the work room. The way led through a swinging door. The manager opened this door and motioned the boy to go through. Most of them said, "Oh no, sir after you," and insisted on the manager going first.

"When they say it once it's politeness," he would say. "When I tell them the second time to precede me and they won't it's servility. I just hired a boy for that very reason, he hung back for me as was proper my being his elder, but when I said, 'After you,' he gave me his back and went through. He wasn't going to waste my time and his doing the After you my dear Alphonse' act.'"

Some boys think their chances of getting a job are better if they can convince the owner of it in advance of their ability to fill it as an experienced hand. They are sometimes right, but not

Continued on fourth page.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.
WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.
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Thursday, February 6, 1913.

GOOD TIME AND BAD

Whenever any money is to be raised for any cause however meritorious, there are always grumblers to be found who wish to be excused from giving, on account of "hard times." A hard time to such, is any time, that some Authorised agent of a cause, wants to "touch" their pocket books. The pocket nerve is the most sensitive nerve in the anatomy of some people and giving times are never good times to them.

The way to make good times, is for every one who is making more than a bare living, to realize that they are Stewards of God, and that every good cause has a claim on their bank account.

To the consciencious Christian who realizes where his blessings come from, there is no such a situation as "hard times."

There are certain times when the conditions of trade and of crops, are more prosperous than others: but we had just as well realize, that ourselves are largely responsible for our prosperity or adversity, and that there are no such conditions to the prudent man, as "good and bad times."

God sends prosperity to the industrious prudent man or woman, who recognize the obligations they are under, to share their prosperity with the needy. It is the man or woman who in the day or prosperity, puts by "the nest egg," that always has something to give, to every good cause that comes along. Let us all stop grumbling and help to make good times by getting that old stingy pocket nerve "under hack." Let us sing with Walt Mason. "Though days be dark and trade be tough, it's always well to make a bluff, to face the world with cheerful eye, as though the goose were hanging high. "No merchant ever made a friend by dire complanings without end. And people never seek a store to hear a grouchy merchant roar; they'll patronize the wiser gent, who does'nt air his discontent."

LET US GET OUT OF THE ILLITERATE CLASS

The fact that North Carolina is still (with all her scheols and colleges, and she has some of the best:) classed low down among the illiterates, is too humilitiating to be endured.

We are glad that Governer Craig comes out for "a State wide six months school term," and for "a compulsory Educational law. The intelligent people of this State are awake and alive to the needs of the masses. We must hsve our children better educated, and to accomplish that end, the law must demand that parents send their children to the schools provided. In some of the Cotton mill towns where the minor children are supporting good for nothing parents in idleness, some may kick, Some tenents and struggling farmers may grumble, but let the law hold them rigidly up to their duty by their children, and they will soon see that those children will be much more valuable to the home, and the State, by reason of being better trained to meet the responsibilities ahead of them.

It took grit for Governor Craig to make these demands in the face of a shortage in the Treasury, but Craig knows his people, and if a school tax larger than we have, is necessary, that tax, the people will cheerfully pay.

We are going to take our place in the fore front in Education, as we are in manufacturing and good Citizenship.

TURN ON THE LIGHT

If there is any one thing that requires the full light of investigation, it is the way that Our Indians have been treated, in the occupation of their lands, and the disposition of thousands upon thousands of acres, by those in charge of Indian affairs. That the poor Indian has been robbed and plundered in many ingenious ways, is a fact beyond a doubt, and nothing but a thorought investigation, will show how Indian agent have fooled and robbed this poor dependent remnant of a doomed race.

When the new administration begins "house cleaning" in Washington, we hope those in charge of "Indian affairs" will be given a thorough investigation.

FIELD NOTES

These are the first field notes of the New Year. And they find me along the Seaboard trying to do a little work in behalf of Our Permanent improvement fund. At the request of Our Field manager Rev. R. Murphy Williams, I stopped over at Wadesboro for Sunday and received a very friendly greeting from Bro. Doyle, who couldn't be anything but cordial, because he is an Irishman.

I found the Wadesboro church handicapped by a partial debt on a new manse, and also trying the Assembly's plan as to church finances.

So while I presented our cause on Sunday night to a good congregation, it was with the distinct understanding, that no collection would be taken up in behalf of our cause.

After service was over I received four voluntary contributions amounting to $37.00 and brother Doyle secured the friendly aid of a young lady who will go through the congregation, and get all the pledges she can: So I hope that the visit to Wadesboro will not be without good results.

I am resting a little at Floral Manse and expect to go back to Charlotte to-morrow (Friday) night, and from there to Pineville 12 miles out of Charolotte to spend Sunday, and to see what I can do for our improvement Fund.

I can see very plainly how the Assembly's plan of church collections will operate somewhat against Bro. Williams and any others who take the field in behalf of Barium. Many of the churches have accepted the Assembly's plan upon the distinct understanding that no outside causes are to be allowed to be presented. Of course it works all right for the Assembly's causes, they get all their contributions; but, as Our Synodicnl Orphanage does'nt seem to come in exactly anywhere, we shall have to stand outside in some of our large, as well as small churches. And yet! We are going to get that fifty thousand all the same.

I believe the churches in Robeson County alone will give us over $3000. Maxton church has already pledged $800, and old Centre will do her part when ever called on. One thing I sdmire about these old Scotch people is, they never close their door against any worthy cause, and they are unco generous to all good causes.

Some say of the Scotch that "they grip on to all they get," that's why they are so thrifty."

But our Scotch are generous to all kirk causes, and keep open house to all comers.

I shall try and reach home next Tuesday night if I can get through at Pineville

Wm. Laurie Hill

Columbia, S. C., February2,—The New Corn Belt" is the title which has been accorded the nine Southeern states east of the Mississippi and south of the Potomac. This honor is given the South in an attractive folder just issued by the Southern Railway Company which is being distributed among visitors to the National Corn Exposition here. Figures in the folder, compiled from latest official sources, give new proof of the increasing importance of the South as a corn growing section and fully subs. tantiate the claim given this wonderful section as the "New Corn Belt."

"Figures in the Decenber number of the Crop Reporter issued by the federal department of agriculture, show that the nine Southern states east of the Mississippi and south of the Po omac produced in 1912 a corn crop of 505,135,000 bushels, worth $314,740,000 at prices paid farmers in that territory," says the folder "Compared with the report of the 1900 census, when a crop of 342,464.737 bushels in the same states was worth $137, 079,603, the latest figures show an increase of 162,670,263 bushels, worth practically $178,000, 000 more than the earlier production.

"The greater yield in the Southeast has followed an increased acreage given to corn and a steadily increasing acre-yield. The general development of this agricultural region, aided by federal and state demonstration work and further helped by the educational efforts of such railroads as the Southern, which maintains a corps of agricultural experts whose services are at the command of all the farmers along its 7.000-odd miles of territory, has had a large share in stimulating attention given to corn. Prominent among the reason for the increased acre-yield has been the organization of boys' corn clubs and annual eorn shows in each of these nine states. Crmparative figures show that the increase in the average yield per acre over the 1900 record in the 1912 alone amounted to $103,981,221, Four hundred and fifty-four members of boys' corn clubs in the South in 1912 made over 100 bushels to the acre."

In addition to the wide circulculation it is being given at the Corn Exposition, the folder will be distributed among farmers of the north and West in an effort to attract desirable settlers to the "New Corn Belt."

DON'T BE AN EASY MARK.

Why do you have a spleen? No one knows. The best learned scientists of the world have come and gone, and stiil the riddle of the spleen remains unsolved. Some have thought that its function was this, and others that It was somethidg else and so on. In a few cases of surgical operations it has been necessary to remove a part or all of the spleen and the patient lived and nothing happened. Hence why is a spleen?

Whether or not we find a use for the spleen this point should be remembered. If the world's greatest scientists can't tell the use of the spleen and if we get along about as well without it as with it, why do some people break their necks buying "electric belts" or "magnetic pads," plasters, insoles, etc, for what the street fakirs and medical fakirs call "enlarged spleen," torpid liver," kidney disease," and a dozen and one other thing that no one ever knew he had before? Such swindles belong to the "gold brick" class. When such ads of fakirs appear it is a good time to keep your money in your pocket and "save your face." Take it from me, if you bite you lose and the other fellow will set you down as one of the original easy marks.

More than 75,000 persons in the State of Connecticut are contributing to funds for fighting tuberculosis among the working people of the State.

The wage workers in the mills factories and stores have also became interested in this great work and have percected organizations to which they contributed funds for defraying the expense of their fellow workers who have contracted consumption. Since the movement was started some years ago more than $20, 000 has been raised by the wage workers themselves and over 400 patients have been treated at the five sanitariums now in existence in the State. As a result too of the efforts made by tne workers the State Legislature has taken a hand and to date has appropriated all told over$500,000 for the erection and maintenance of sanitariums for the care and treatment of curable cases.

When examinations of little patches of common roller towels less than a half-inch square show the presence of colon bacilli in one-fourth of the examinations, in all probability a man never escapes rubbing some more or less sewage-laden toweling over his face and hands every time he uses one of these relics of false economy. Colon bacilli, as the name implies, are bacteria from the colon or intestinal tract. It is easy to see the frequent and easy mode of infection. This pollution goes from closets to hands and then to towels.

It really sems that there are some good grounds for much of the comylaint arising all over the State against the deplorable conditions of some of our less carefully managed hotels, restaurants and lodging houses. The public has gotten past the roller towel stage of civilization, and now they demand some really good hotel inspection throughout the State.

INAUGURATION

Account of the above Historic Occasion which. as we all know, will be the Grandest Occasion our Southland has enjoyed in 20 years, The SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY, is making preparations to take care of the great multitude of people who will att end same.
Special Trains, Special Pullmnn Sleeping Cars, Special Coaohes, will be required in large numbers. If you expect to attend Great Event you should get busy,—Clubs, Societies, School and other organized bodies of all kinds expecting to attend should get in line at once. Write the undersigned who will give you important information and take care of you or your party in best manner possible.

H. S. Leard,
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Location	Our location in the Pine woods of Carolina on the Coast Line Railway is ideal.
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How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

On the expiration of the time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year longer. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

THURSDAY, February 6. 1913

HOME HAPPENINGS

A visit to Round Knob shows the building in pretty good shape and improvements are going on there. The electric lights are not yet installed there and they need them very much. The milk boys and the dairyman are the first up on the place, and they need the lights as much as at any building on the campus, and it will not be long before they have them.

The running of a staircase and putting in a partition and two good windows would give us two large rooms for boys, and this will be a necessity when we increase our herd of cattle and have more milkers,

We are glad to report that Miss Templeton has returned to Barium greatly improved in health, and has charge of her grade in the schoolroom. It is pleasant to have her back again.

Miss Adams has returned from a much needed rest and is once more at home at Howard Cottage.

Little Gertrude McPhail had a toy piano given her at Christmas and for some reason it was temporily taken from her. When it was returned to her, she was told "you can now play it Gertrude." Her reply was, "no I can't play it until I get commission from Miss Miller." Miss Miller has charge of the little girls at "Annie Louise," and what she says goes.

Our shoe maker, Rowan Lucky, made some of our boys supremely happy the other day, by giving them a pair of wheels with shafts attached, and this simple plaything, amuses them more than a monkey and hand-organ. We doubt if they would trade the wheels for an automobile.

We have had many gifts of different sorts at Barium, but thus far, no one has ever thought of presenting the children with a goat and wagon.

There is as much fun it riding in a goat wagon as anything that children do.

We sometimes wonder, speaking of Goats, that no one has ever given Our Home a pony. We don't know of anything that would give children more real pleasure.

Miss Brown of the Infirmary is taking a needed rest, and her place is being filled by Miss Cottrell of Mooresville.

There is nothing more cheery to the Printer Boys than to hear the the songs of the laundry girls down stairs.

To sing while you work is a sure sign of contentment and happiness. The grumbly boy or girl who never sings don't really enjoy their work. We have heard a boy on a bright spring morning as he followed a mule down the furrow and he whistled or sung Dixie and you may be sure the sod was turned all right.

Our Editor spent last Sunday at Pineville and was most hospitably entertained by pastor Charles Kingsley and his "gude wife." They have a delightful home, and having lived in Florida they have turned their sitting room into a tropical garden. They have two large Banana trees, and many beautiful flower. Some of them in bloom.

The Pineville people have promised to do their best toward helping our equipment and while the congregation is not a large one, we are sure they will do their duty.

Among the many periodicals and Magazines that come to our reading, table we find no more welcome visitor than "The Missionary Survey." This the organ of our home and Foreign Missionary Boards, and keeps the reader up with Our Mission work in the home land and foreign fields.

We wish to commend to the Laymen of our church that most enlightning monthly "Men and Missions," published by "Laymen's Missionary movement New York City.

The Editors of this publication keep their eyes on the whole field.

Our friend Irvine Crawford of Davidson came to see us on last Saturday, and the rain (much to our satisfaction) delayed his return until Monday.

We see that shad are very plentiful in the waters of Eastern North Carolina.

Is there anything more toothsome for we Orphans than a well cooked shad? We hope some of our friends about Newbern and other places in the fish country will remember us soon.

We regret to say that Miss McEachin is quite indisposed and is being attended by Dr. Adams. We hope she will soon be well again.

ENJOYING LIFE AS ONE LIVES IT.

It is sometimes hard to tell where contentment leaves off and indolence begins; but it is quite true that, in this ambitious struggling American life of ours a great deal of happiness is spoiled by forgetting to appreciate the blessings we have in our eager desire for more. Many people are straining their eyes into the future so much that they quite overlook the present.

But if one can only realize the beauties and comforts of each day as it passes and give a few moments to reminiscence over past pleasures without of course sacrificing one's ambitions for the future he will quite surely find his life sweeter and richer says The Independent.

To be a little less vague, a man should form a habit of enjoying his life as he lives it. He may hope to be more prospeous, to have larger business or a better doaition he has won for himself this year.

Next year he will have one less year of life to live than he has this yearand what he gains in success he loses in youth. Each year he pays a mighty price for what he gains—a year of his life one sixtieth or eighteth of his life span at the least and quite possible a much larger fraction. In spending this precious thing he should follow the business axiom of trying to attain the maximum of returns for the price paid.

So, when a man works, let him work to the best of his ability and he cannot work to the best of his ability if his work one day exhausts him so that he cannot work with all vigor and enthusiasm the next day. And work, after all, is only one of the important elements in his life. He should cultivate the power to play, to make and keep friends, and to be a bright and attractive element in his family. If he has young children, he should consider daily egagements to play with them quite as important as a business engagement. Their years are passing, too, and he should not lose too much time of their beautiful childhood. His boy has a right to expect a daily game at ball or marbles or a half hour of reading aloud with his father, just as his little girl should find in him a sympathetic playfellow in her doll house. The dear, delightful occupations and and interests of children are second in importanee to nothing, and the father or mother who is too busy to enter enthusiastically into this charming realm is not only neglecting an important duty, but is missing the sweetest pleasures which life has to ofier.

It is well to build for the future, but while one is building one should have warmth and shelter and a home fireside now, and have a mental attitude that allows a full enjoyment of that fireside. Your neighbor may have more servants and a larger house and income than you but is he really richer? His servants mean more vexatious domestic problems and his wealth is quite powerless to puchase him more happiness than you can acquire. Emerson says though you travel the world over to find the beautiful, unless you take it with you, you will find it not. One gets the best out of life by his mental and spiritual attitude toward life. To much ambition bring restlessness and discontent; too little brings incapacity for true enjoyment. A man with the proper poise makes work the means and not the end, and finds time to enjoy and profit by the good things that are close at his hand every day. The man who is so absorbed in his business that he has only a vague, absent-minded interest in things beyond his office door gets really very little out of life.

The man who thinks he must have an elaborate home, elaborate food and elaborate entertainments in order to be comfortable is feeding the body and starving the soul. True culture is not found in fashions, but in a sympathetic apprectiation of beautiful things; and if a man finds delight in the view of a daisy-white meadow, a violet-tinged glen, in poetry and art and music, and in the play and prattle of children, or a stimulating conversation, he has riches which a millionaire cannot buy.

In other words, if a man will only pause for a little space every day upon the breeze-swept hill-top of the present and look about him at the view and find it pleasant, breathing in the sweetness and sunshine of life, he will then find that the path to contentment, flower bordered and inviting, lies close at his feet luring him to follow it.

CAUGHT HIM THAT TIME

In Dublin a car driver was caught by a zealous policeman in the act of driving furiously. The policeman stopped him and said, "Ye must give me yer name.

"But I won't give ye me name," said the driver.

"Ye'll get yourself into trouble," said the policeman, "if ye dont give me yer name.',

"I won't give ye me name," said the driver.

"Phat is yer name, now?" asked the angry policeman.

"Ye'd better find out," said the driver.

"Shure and I will," said the policeman. He went round to the side of the car where the name ought to have been painted, but the letters had been rubbed off.

"Aha!" said the policeman, "now ye'll get yersilf into worse disgrace than ever. Yer name appears to be oblitherated."

Ye're wrong." roared the driver. " 'Tis O'Brien."

Individual dignity is frequently overmatched by the irreverence of the student group, as in this story of a medical professor. Dr. Simpson had been absent from his class of Scotch youths for some time, and on his return he announced that a great professional honor had been conferred upon him.

"I am very happy to inform you young gentleman that a very great honor has come to me since last we met here," said Professor Simpson, his face beaming with honest pride. "I have just received notification that I have been appointed physician-in-ordinary to her majesty Queen Victoria."

The grert discoverer of chloroform looked over his glasses as if he expected his class to be quite taken away by the news. Instead he was shocked to hear the Scotch boys burst into a national anthem, "God save the queen!"

THE MINISTER'S APT QUOTATION.

The minister was attempting to carve a very tough fowl at the Christmas dinner. As he was trying to separate one of the joints it slid out of the dish to the other side of the table. He camly picked it up and gravely said: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

HOW CLOUDS ARE COLORED

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white, or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the under surface appears black, owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appears of the most dazzling brilliant white.

A few people freeze to death; many more die in overheated rooms.

Colds are not caught from fresh air, but from stuffy air.

The best defence against disease is the simple iife.

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Winning Back the Birds.

Continued from page one.

and in case one does not have these, chaff from the barn floor containing hay seed will prove attractive. Now is the time of the year, or even earlier, to begin that sort of thing, too. Do a little at a time, not enough to satiate the birds, but enough to assure them of a bite every day, and when the snow does come they will come gladly to the same spot for more bountiful supplies. The joy of seeing them feed is enough, but if the supply is kept up until spring they will be more than likely to linger and nest near by, especially if the shrubbery looks good to them or bird boxes of the right kind have been put up. Now is the time to plan, prune and prepare for the shubbery and to put up the boxes and do a little feeding. The results should increase as does the cold and cumulate in the spring. Any one of us ought to be able to fill from a dozen to a hundred bird boxes.

"It Was Written."

Continued from page one.

never, never be able to repay you."

Bentham fell asleep that night with a clear sense of joy and assurance. His heart had come home.

When he met Bagot in King William-street, in the course of the following week, and heard all his profuse apologies, which sounded hollow, for there had been no genuine reason for breaking up the party before it gathered, Bentham smiled serenely.

"Never mind, old chap. You did me the very best turn you've ever done anybody in your life," he said, with an odd look in his eyes. "It was written in the Book of Fate."

"I suppose you went somewhere else, and had a good time," said Bagot much relieved.

"Yes; oh, yes!" Bentam answered, and said no more. But before another Chrismas came he had taken Cicely Croft away from the home her sweet presence had brightened and buttressed, and they went back to Thoreham to spend it together.

Getting a Job.

Continued from page one.

always. Men who hire boys usually want to teach them their own ways.

"I've been an office boy five years and know the work," is not a good recommendation for a lad to give himself. If he were worth anything as an office boy, he wouldn't be one five years. And it never pays to equivocate. If you are asked, "Are you a good penman," If you are asked, "Are you a good penman," and you are not, your chances are much better if you say, "Not very, but I'm trying to learn to do better," than if you answer, "Pretty good sir," which is perhaps true, yet deceptive. The second may get you the job, but you can't hold it. The first will start you right if it starts you at all.

Don't be afraid of the man who wants a boy He may look fierce and speak gruffly, but he wont eat you. Look him square in the eye and answer promptly. Don't hesitate; tell the square, hard facts- Don't be so confident you appear forward; don't be so modest you appear bashful: If you can operate a typewriter or sweep out an office well, say so' But don't brag.

"Can you file letters?"

"Yes sir! Why, when I worked for Smith, he said I was the best letter filer he eveo had."

"Hm! Can you use the machine?"

"Yes indeed. I can write faster'n Robinson, Smith's girl."

"Hm! how long were you at Smith's?"

"Two months. I left because old man Smith wanted to drop my wages a dollar a week.,'

Can you imagine any sensible man hiring the boy who worked for a man he called by his last name, who referred to a lady in the office by her last name, who in spite of the fact that he was "the best letter filer" Mr. Smith ever had. and a better typist than the stenographer, was yet of so little use that his wages had to be reduced?

Be brief, but not curt. Men who do things, men whose ability and knowledge have raised them to responsible positions havn't time to waste. But they havn't any liking for lack of manners. The boy who applies for a position in person in a minute's talk has a better chance than he who talks ten minutes.

"I want to apply for the position of filing clerk. I saw your advertisement in the Star last night, and wrote you, but I wanted a chance to ask you for the work personally. I am sixteen years old, have graduated from the graded school, and have no experience. I have references from thus-and-so as to my being of good character and honest. If you'll give me a trial for a week, I'll be glad to go without any salary if you find I'm not worth keeping after that!"

It was all he said till questioned, but the buyer for a big department store was so struck with the whole idea—the letter followed by a personal call, so deftly excused, the offer to work for a week for nothing would have been fatal: it would have been a bribe, and as good as saying: "You'll get a weeks wages on me for nothing. You can't afford to fail to take this opportunity."

But to offer his work for nothing, if it failed in being satisfactory, was simply showing the man who was buying that the boy who was selling had confidence in what he had to sell. That boy is now assistant buyer in that department store, and hires the boys himself!

"YOU REMAIN."

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain
So the thought of you remaining
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me: all things leave me:
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,
Other moments I may know
That shall waft me in their going
As a breath blown to an fro,
Fragrant memovies: fragrant memories
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you remaiding,
A hid sweetness in my brain.
Others leave me: all things leave me:
You remain.

RIDDLES YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

What is it which we often return but never borrow?

Thanks.

Why ought stars to be the best astronomers?

Because they have studded the heavens for years.

What are the three most forible letters in the alphabet?

N R. G.

The two which contain nothing?

M, T.

The four which express great corpulence?

O B C T.

The four which indicate exalted station

X, L, N, C.

How do sailors know Long Island?

By the sound.

To what two cities in Massachusetts should yachtman go with their boats?

Fall River and Salem.

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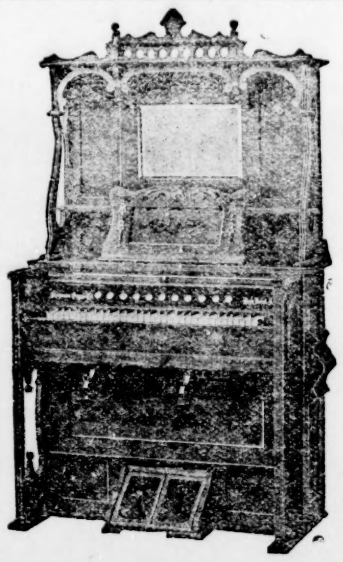

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PRESCRIPTIONISTS

IF IT'S USED IN AN OFFICE
—YOU CAN GET IT AT—
POUND & MOORE CO.
COMMERCIAL STATIONERS
AND
OFFICE OUTFITTERS
CHARLOTTE, - - - N. C.